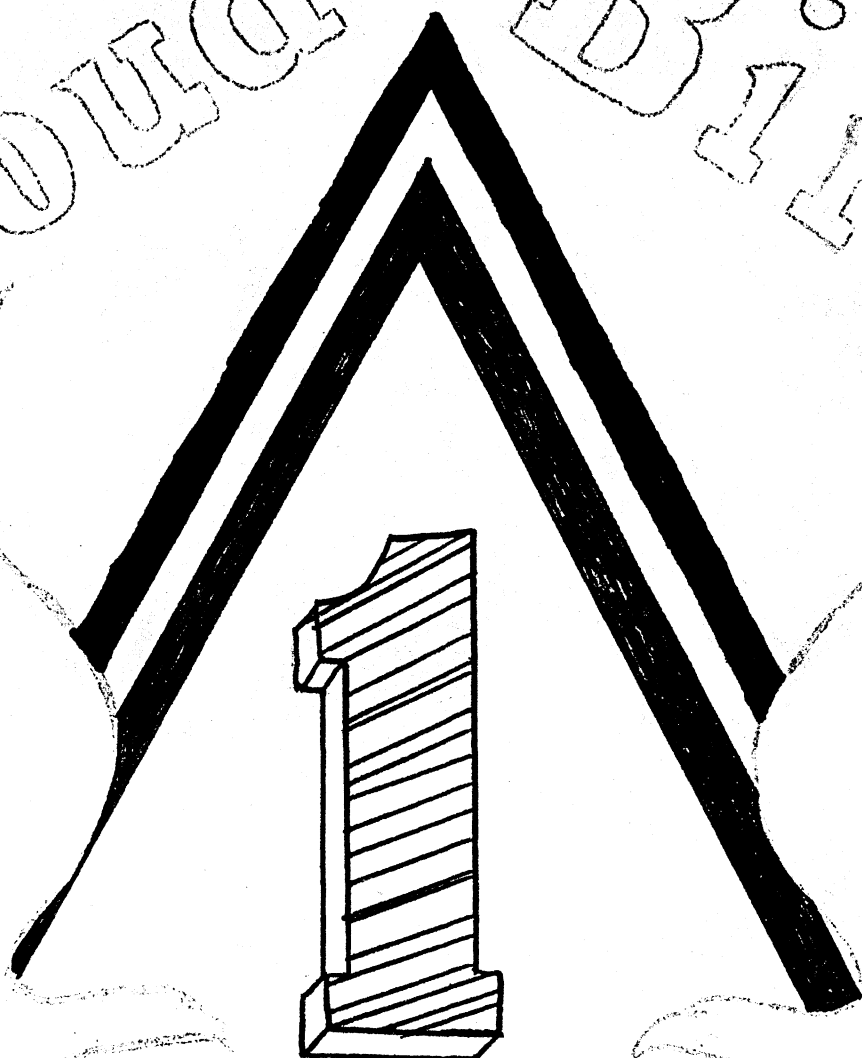


Proud Binder



With A

SILVER ASS

PHANTOMS IN THE SKY

A-44'S HAVE ONLY ONE CHANCE
GO THERE BEFORE OUR HOSTS KNOW
IF THE PROBABLY UP IN THE BACK
IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT CAN DO

THERE'S NO MORE TIME TO WASTE
THEY CAN ONLY SEE TO FLY
F-4'S LEAVE THE GALL
THEIR PLANS HAVE NO HANDS AT ALL

AIR NOISE PLANTS ARE LOTS OF LIGHT
THEIR PLANS ARE JUST LITTLE THINGS
SO LET'S THEIR BOMBS GO TOUGH LONG
THERE'S NO MORE TIME FOR THE WHOLE THING

I'M AN A-4 PLANE CAN'T YOU SEE
NOT TWO PEOPLE - ONLY ME
SIMPLE STRIPS LIVING IS A BACHELOR
MY OWN "STANDBY" I FORGOT TO "WAKE"

GREEN SHIPPERS SLICE THROUGH THE AIR
OFF TO "WAKE" THEM THAT AREN'T THERE
ONE SHIPBOARD MARTIN'S THEM ZEPHYRUS
NOT ONE MARTIN WERE A GREEN SHIP

FRANCO FIELDS OVER THE DNE
DOLE: ONE PART TO MAKE PEOPLE FLY
BOMBS AND ROCKETS SILENT THROUGH THE AIR
IN THE COMING TEADITION - SILENT FLY

ON WHEN THIS TIME IS OVER AND DONE
IT'S BACK TO COME FOR THE AIR
WE'LL REMEMBER THIS INDEEDLE WAR
YOU CAN CHECK IT IN YOUR HAND

A-44'S ARE THINER FOLKS

A-44'S ARE THINER FOLKS
THEY ARE FROM BY LITTLE BONE
AND THEY HAVE A FINE BONE

F-4'S ARE BOMBER BOMBS
THEY ARE FROM BY BONE FOR BONE
AND THEY HAVE A BOMBER BOMB

Pg. 1.

AVIATOR'S HYMN
(TUNE: D'role hymn of the Republic)

Here's a toast to all Marines who wear Navy wings of Gold
They are fearless fighter pilots, they are brave and they
are bold
They arouse a bit and drink a lot in quantities untold.
And they'll never fly home again.

chours; (SONG AT THE SAME TIME)

GORY, gory, what a helluva way to die
Stall Spin Crash Burn Die
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die
Stall Spin Crash Burn Die
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die
Stall Spin Crash Burn Die
And they'll never fly home again

Oh, it wasn't lack of throttle and it wasn't faulty trim,
He wasn't turning in the groove, he didn't stall and spin
He just forgot to switch his tanks; too bad he couldn't swim
And they'll never fly home again.

CHOURS:

He was coming through the 90 when he got a little slow
He ignored the waving paddles of the frantic LSO
When he finally added power, He was just too Goddamned low
And he'll never fly home again.

CHOURS:

There were little bits of wreckage scattered o'er the Naval
base
And a little pool of blood to mark his final resting place
Now he wears a Mark 8 gunsight where he used to wear his face
And he'll never fly home again.

CHOURS: I saw a burning body fall from 40,000 feet
He squirmed, he kicked, he clawed the air, my God but it was neat
With the chute wrapped round his body and the shrouds around his feet
And he'll never fly home again.

The aircraft came to rest in such a state you'd not believe
(It never got like that performing high-time fighter waves)
And four days later, the pilot did his major's leaves receive
And they'll never fly home again.

CHOURS: Ten thousand dollars going to their wives
Ten thousand dollars in exchange for their lives
(Oh won't they be excited, Oh won't they be delighted
Think of all the things that they can buy.)
More Goddamned money and no more family strife,

IT'S ALL A BLOODY SHAME

IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER
IT'S THE POOR WHAT GETS THE BLAME
IT'S THE RICH WHAT GETS THE GRAVE
AIN'T IT ALL A BLOODY SHAME

STANDING ON THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT
THROWING SNOWBALLS AT THE MOON
SHE SAID JACK I'VE NEVER HAD IT
BUT SHE SPOKE TOO GODDAMN SOON

SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST
VICTIM OF A RICH MAN'S WEIN
FIRST HE GOOSED HER THEN HE SEDUCED HER
AND SHE HAD A CHILD BY HIM...

NOW HE'S IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
MAKING LAWS TO RULE MANKIND
WHILE SHE ROAMS THE STREETS OF LONDON
SELLING CHUNKS OF HER BEHIND.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

A BLOODY PENUS ON A MARBLE SLAB
A TEN-INCH PENUS WITH A SYPHILLIS SLAB
A QUICKIE BLOW JOB IN A TAXI CAB
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

A TWAT THAT TWITCHES LIKE A MOOSE'S BAR
A DRYED-UP CONDOM IN A GLASS OF BEER
A TEN POUND TITTY IN A LOOSE BRASSIERE
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

A DIRTY JOCKSTRAP ON THE BARRROOM FLOOR
A POOL OF BLOOD BESIDE A SLEEPING NEON
A ROLLED-UP TAMPAX LIKE AN APPLE CORE
THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

HERE'S TO THE MAJOR'S

HERE'S TO THE MAJOR'S, THE MAJOR'S, THE MAJOR'S
OH, HERE'S TO THE MAJOR'S, THE WORST OF THEM ALL

THEY HATE IT, THEY HATE IT, THEY ALWAYS MISERABLE IS-
OH, HERE'S TO THE MAJOR'S, THE WORST OF THEM ALL.

QUIT CROSSING YOUR LEGS

QUIT CROSSING YOUR LEGS, YOU'RE CRUSHING MY GLASSES,
YOU'RE FUCKING UP A GOOD CIGAR.

HERE'S TO _____

HERE'S TO _____, TO _____, TO _____
HERE'S TO _____, THE BEST OF THEM ALL,
HE EATS IT, HE BEATS IT, HE OFTEN MISTREATS IT,
HERE'S TO _____, THE BEST OF THEM ALL.

RING A DING A DING DING

RING A DING A DING DING, BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS
RING A DING A DIN DING, BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS
RING A DING A DING A DING BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS
LIFT UP YOUR SKIRTS AND BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS.

COOL

I'M AS COOL AS THE TIP OF AND ESKIMO'S TOOL
I'M AS COOL AS A FISH IN A FROZEN POOL
COOL AS PANE OF FROSTED GLASS
COOL AS THE FRINGE AROUND A POLAR BEAR'S ASS
* * * * * COOL

THE BIG FUCKING WHEEL

I ONCE KNEW A MAN, OH HOW HE SIGNED, I KNOW NOT IF THE BASTARD
LIES FOR HE HAD A WIFE WHO COULD NOT BE SATISFIED. SO HE BUILT
HIMSELF A PRICK OF STEEL, AND MOUNTED IT TO A BIG FUCKING
WHEEL TWO BALLS OF BRASS HE FILLED WITH CREAM AND THE WHOLE
FUCKING ISSUE WAS RUN BY STEAM. CHORUS: ROUND AND ROUND WENT
THE BIG FUCKING WHEEL AND IN AND OUT WENT THE BIG PRICK OF
STEEL. AND THE MAIDEN CRIES, AT LAST, AT LAST, I'M SATISFIED
NOW THAT WAS THE SAD PART OF IT FOR THERE WAS NO STOPPING IT
THE MAIDEN WAS TORN FROM TWAT TO TIT AND THE WHOLE FUCKING
ISSUE BLEW UP IN SHIT.

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE

IN THIS DIRTY OLD PART OF THE CITY
WHERE THE SUN REFUSES TO SHINE
PEOPLE TELL ME THERE AIN'T NO USE IN TRYING

NOW MY GIRL YOU'RE SO YOUNG AND PRETTY
AND A ONE THING I KNOW IS TRUE
YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOUR TIME IS DUE

WATCH MY DADDY IN BED AND TIRED
WATCH HIS HEAD TURNING THIN AND GRAY
HE'S BEEN WORKIN AND SLAVING HIS LIFE AWAY

(BACKGROUND) WORK

(LEAD) HE'S WORKIN SO HARD

(BACKGROUND) WORK

(LEAD) I'VE BEEN WORKIN SO HARD

(BACKGROUND) WORK

(LEAD) EVERY NITE TILL LATE

(BACKGROUND) WORK

(BACKGROUND AND LEAD) WORK, WORK, WORK, WORK.

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE
IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE EVER DO
WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE
GIRL THERE'S A BETTER LIFE FOR ME AND YOU

SNOOPY VERSUS THE RED BARON

AFTER THE TURN OF THE CENTURY
IN THE CLEAR BLUE SKIES OVER GERMANY
CAME A ROAR AND A THUNDER

LIKE MEN HAVE NEVER HEARD
LIKE THE SCREAMING SOUNDS OF A BIG WARBIRD

UP IN THE SKY, A MAN IN A PLANE
BARON VON REICHOFFEN WAS HIS NAME
80 MEN TRIED, AND 80 DIED
NOW THEY'RE BURIED TOGETHER ON THE COUNTRY SIDE,

10, 20, 30, 40, 50 OR MORE
THE BLOODY RED BARON WAS ROLLIN UP THE SCORE
80 MEN DIED TRYIN TO END THE SPREE
OF THE BLOODY RED BARON OF GERMANY

IN THE NICK OF TIME A HERO AROSE
A FUNNY LOOK'N DOG WITH A BIG BLACK NOSE
HE FLEW INTO THE SKY TO SEEK REVENGE
BUT THE BARON SHOT HIM DOWN, CURSES FOILED AGAIN

REPEAT CHOURS*

NOW SNOOPY SWORE THAT HE'D GET THAT MAN
SO HE ASKED THE GREAT PUMPKIN FOR A NEW BATTLE PLAN
HE CHALLENGED THE GERMAN TO A REAL DOGFIGHT
WHILE THE BARON WAS LAUGHING, HE GOT HIM IN HIS SIGETS

REPEAT CHOURS*

THE BLOODY RED BARON WAS IN A FIX
HE TRIED EVERYTHING, BUT HE'D RUN OUT OF TRICKS
SNOOPY FIRED ONCE, AND HE FIRED TWICE
AND THE BLOODY RED BARON WAS SPINNING OUT OF SIGHT

REPEAT CHOURS TWICE *

KING OF THE ROAD

TRAILER FOR SALE OR RENT: ROOMS TO LET-FIFTY CENTS;
NO PHONE, NO POOL, NO PETS: I AIN'T GOT NO CIGARETTES.
AH, BUT TWO HOURS OF PUSHIN BROOM, BUYS AN EIGHT BY TWELVE,
FOUR BIT ROOM.
I'M A MAN OF MEANS, BY NO MEANS KING OF THE ROAD

THIRD BOXCAR, MIDNIGHT TRAIN DESTINATION, BANGOR MAINE.
OLD WORN OUT SUIT AND SHOES: I DON'T PAY NO UNION DUES.
I SMOKE OLD STOGIES I HAVE FOUND, SHORT BUT NOT TOO BIG AROUND.
I'M A MAN OF MEANS, BY NO MEANS, KING OF THE ROAD

REPEAT FIRST ~~VERSE~~ VERSE*

I KNOW EVERY ENGINEER ON EVERY TRAIN,
ALL OF THE CHILDREN AND ALL OF THE NAMES
AND EVERY HANDOUT IN EVERY TOWN.
AND EVERY LOCK THAT AIN'T LOCKED WHEN NO ONE'S AROUND
I'M A MAN OF MEANS, BY NO MEANS, KING OF THE ROAD.

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT, AND NEVER BROUGHT TO MIND?
SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT, AND DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE?

CHOURS: FOR AULD LANG SYNE, MY DEAR
FOR AULD LANG SYNE;
WE'LL TAKE A CUP OF KINDNESS YER,
FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

AND HERE'S A HAND MY TRUSTY FRIEND,
AND GI'US A HAND O' THINE;
WE'LL TAKE A RIGHT GUDE WILLING DRAUGHT,
FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

100 MILES (TINE OF 500 MILES)

IF YOU MISS THE CHURCH I'M IN
COME AROUND AND FACE AGAIN
YOU CAN SMELL THE PEOPLE BURN 100 MILES

CHORUS: 100 MILES 100MILES YOU CAN.....
YOU CAN..... 100 MILES

THROW CANDY ON THE GROUND
TAKE THE GUN AND SHOOT THEM DOWN
YOU CAN SEE THE CHILDREN DIE 100 MILES

CHORUS
AS YOUR DIVING TO THE DECK
PICK OFF A SCHOOL YOU CAN WRECK
YOU CAN HEAR THE CHILDREN SCREAM 100 MILES

CHORUS
WHEN THIS BLOODY WAR IS WON
WE'LL GO SEE WHAT WE HAVE DONE
ALL THATS LEFT ARE PILES OF BONE, PILES OF BONES

CHORUS

SALLY

SALLY'S IN THE GARDEN SIPPIN CIDER
LIFTS UP HER LEG AND FARTS LIKE A MAN
THE GAS FROM HER ASS BROKE FORTY WINDOWS
THE CHEEKS OF HER ASS GO BAM BAM BAM

THE GLIDERS PILOT'S LAMENT

DON'T FLUSH THE TOILET IN THE TOW PLANE
WHEN THERE'S A GLIDER ATTACHED TO THE LINE
IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO KEEP THE GLIDER IN PLACE
WITHOUT ALL THAT SHIT FLYING BACK IN MY FACE
SO DON'T FLUSH THE TOILET IN THE TOW PLANE
WHEN THERES A GLIDER ATTACHED TO THE LINE

A TOAST

MAY YOUR BLOODY FILES DISTRESS YOU
AND CORNS 'DORN YOUR FEET
AND CRABS AS BIG AS HORSE TURDS
CRAWL ON YOUR BALLS TO EAT
AND WHEN YOUR OLD AND FEEBLE

A SYPHILITIC WRECK
MAY YOUR HEAD FALL THROUGH YOU ASSHOLE
AND BREAK YOUR FUCKING NECK

SHAME ON YOU

SHAME ON YOU
SHAME ON YOU
YOU SAID A DIRTY WORD
SKIPPER'S GONNA GET YOU
SKIPPER'S GONNA GET YOU
SKIPPER'S GONNA HAVE YOUR ASS!

HOWTCHA?

HOWTCHA? HOWTCHA?
HOWTCHA LIKE TO BITE MY ASS?

I'M A NON-COMBATANT FUK (sung to: YANK MY DOODLE , IT'S A DANDY)

I'M A NON COMBATANT ASSHOLE
I HAVE NEVER KILLED A CONG
I JUST SIT AROUND AND SHOOT THE SHIT
GO HOME AND YANK ON MY DONG
I BOUGHT MY RIBBONS AT A PAWN SHOP
ONLY COST TWO NINETY-FIVE
I WAS ALIVE IN 65 AND I'LL BE ALIVE IN 80
I AM A NON-COMBATANT FUK.

ASSHOLES OF THE GROUP

YOU CAN'T DRINK, YOU CAN'T SCREW,
WONDER WHAT THE HELL YOU CAN DO
YOU AIN'T GOT NO POOP
YOU'RE THE ASSHOLE OF THE GROUP.

HYMN

HYMN
HYMN
FUCK HYMN

OLD _____ USED TO OWN A GROCERY STORE

OLD _____ USED TO OWN A GROCERY STORE,
HE USED TO HANG HIS MEAT UPON THE OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR
ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN USED TO YELL AND SCREAM AND SHOUT:
"OLD _____, YOUR FORK IS HANGING OUT!"

I'M LOOKING UNDER (FOUR LEAF CLOVER)

I'M LOOKING UNDER A SKIRT AND WONDER
WHY I'VE NEVER LOOKED THERE BEFORE
FIRST COMES THE ANKLES AND THEN THE KNEES,
THEN COMES THE PANTIES THAT SWAY IN THE BREEZE.
NO USE REPLYING; THE THING REMAINING,
ITS SOMETHING WE ALL ADORE.
I'M LOOKING UNDER A SKIRT AND WONDER
WHY I'VE NEVER LOOKED BEFORE.

THE DUMMY

YOU TAKE A LEG FROM SOME OLD TABLE
YOU TAKE AN ARM FROM SOME OLD CHAIR
YOU TAKE A NECK FROM SOME OLD BOTTLE
AND FROM A HORSE'S ASS YOU TAKE A LITTLE HAIR
AND THEN YOU PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER
WITH A LITTLE SPIT AND GLUE
AND I GET MORE LOVIN FROM THIS GOD DAMNED DUMMY
THAN I EVER GOT FROM YOU

NELLY DARLIN'

ON YOUR ASS IS LIKE A STOVEPIPE, NELLY DARLIN'
AND THE NIPPLES ON YOUR TITS ARE TURNING GREEN
THERE'S A YARD OF LINT PROTRUDING FROM YOUR NAVAL
YOU'RE THE UGLIEST FUCKING BITCH I'VE EVER SEEN,
THERE'S A THOUSAND GNATS BUZZING AROUND YOUR ASSHOLE,
WHEN YOU PISS, YOU PISS A STREAM AS GREEN AS GRASS.
THERE'S ENOUGH WAX IN YOUR EARS TO MAKE A CANDLE.
SO WHY NOT MAKE ONE DEAR, AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS !!!

I LOVE MY GIRL

I LOVE MY GIRL (YES I DO, YES I DO)
I LOVE HER TRULY.
I LOVE THE HOLE SHE PISSES THROUGH.
I LOVE HER RUBY RED LIPS,
HER LILLY WHITE TITS,
THE HAIR AROUND HER ASSHOLE,
I'D EAT HER SHIT (CHOMP WOOF, CHOMP WOOF)
IF SHE ASKED ME TO.
I'D EAT HER POOP (SCOOPY DOOP, SCOOPY DOOP)
WITH AN ICE CREAM SCOOP.

STRAPE THE TOWN (TONE: WAKE THE PEOPLE)

STRAPE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE, IT'S THE ONLY THING TO DO
SET YOUR GUNSIGHTS RESIDENTIAL, YOU'LL GET MORE KILLS IF YOU DO
DROP THE NAPALM IN THE SCHOOLYARD, SEE THE CHILDREN RUN AND SHOUT
NOTE THE MASS HYSTERIA, AS THEY TRY TO PUT IT OUT

DROP YOUR SNAKEYES IN THE TEMPLE, SEE THE SLIPPERS IN THE BLAST
WATCH THEM TRAMPLE ONE ANOTHER TRYING TO SAVE THEIR ASS
SHOOT YOUR BUNLS AT THE SANPAN, PULL UP QUICK TO MISS THE FIRE
B ABY WON'T YOU LIGHT MY FIRE

SWEET ANGELINA

WAY DOWN IN EL PASO, WHERE HORSE SHIT IS DEEP
AND SOLDIERS WANDER WHERE MEXICANS SLEEP
LIES SWEET ANGELINA THE GIRL I ADORE
TH AT ROUGH FUCKING, COCK SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE

CHORUS

SWEET ANGELINA, MY ANGELINA
MY LOVE FOR YOU WILL NEVER DIE
SWEET ANGELINA, MY ANGELINA
THAT ROUGH FUCKING, COCK SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE

CHORUS

SHE'LL FUCK YOU, SHE'LL SUCK YOU
SHE'LL CHEW ON YOUR NUTS
AND IF YOUR NOT CAREFUL SHE'LL SUCK OUT YOUR GUTS
THAT SWEET ANGELINA, THE GIRL I ADORE
THAT ROUGH FUCKING, COCK SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE

THE PALE MOON

IT'S TH E THE PALE MOON THAT EXCITES ME
THAT THRILLS AND DELIGHTS ME, OH NO
IT'S YOUR ASS, IT'S YOUR ASS, IT'S YOUR BIG FAT ASS

OH MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL FUCKEM ALL
 OH MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL FUCKEM ALL
 OH MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL AND I ONLY HAVE ONE BALL
 BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NONE AT ALL FUCKEM ALL

OH THEY SAY I SHOT A MAN DEAD FUCKEM ALL
 OH THEY SAW I SHOT A MAN DEAD FUCKEM ALL
 OH THEY SAY I SHOT A MAN DEAD WITH A LITTLE PIECE OF LEAD
 NOW THAT SILLY BASTARDS DEAD FUCKEM ALL

OH THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING FUCKEM ALL
 OH THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING FUCKEM ALL
 OH THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING FROM A LITTLE PIECE OF STRING
 WHAT A SILLY FUCKEN THING FUCKEM ALL

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL
 THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL
 THE PLACE IS FULL OF QUEERS, NAVIGATORS, BOMBARDIERS
 BUT THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

OH THERE ARE NO AIR FORCE PILOTS IN THE FRAY
 THERE ARE NO AIR FORCE PILOTS IN THE FRAY
 THEY'RE ALL IN USOS WEARING RIBBONS ~~AND~~ AND FANCY CLOTHES
 AND THERE ARE NO AIR FORCE PILOTS IN THE FRAY

OH THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS IN THE SCRAP
 THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS IN THE SCRAP
 THEY'RE ALL IN BOO'S READING BUREAU AERO NEWS
 AND THERE ARE NO NAVY PILOTS IN THE SCRAP

THERE ARE NO SILVER EAGLES DOWN BELOW
 OH THERE ARE NO SILVER EAGLES DOWN BELOW
 THEY'RE ALL UP IN THE STARS MAKING LOVE TO WM'S
 THERE ARE NO SILVER EAGLES DOWN BELOW

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES
 THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES
 THEY'RE ON FOREIGN SHORES, MAKING MOTHERS OUT OF WHORES
 OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES

THE MONEY ROLLS IN

pg. 12

MY FATHER MAKES BOOK ON THE CORNER
MY MOTHER MAKES SECOND HAND GIN
MY SISTER MAKES LOVE FOR A DOLLAR
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

CHOURS: ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN-
ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN
MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN !!!!!

MY BROTHERS A POOR MISSIONARY
HE SAVES FALLEN WOMEN FROM SIN
HE'LL SAVE YOU A BLOND FOR FIVE DOLLARS
MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN!!!

MY UNCLE IS WHITTILING OUT CANDLES
FROM WAX THAT IS SPECIALLY SOFT
HE SAYS THAT THEY'LL COME IN REAL HANDY
IF EVER HIS BUSINESS DROPS OFF !!

I'VE LOST ALL MY DOUGH ON THE HORSES
I'M SICK FROM THE SECOND-HAND GIN
I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH MY FATHER
MY GOD, WHAT A MESS I'M IN!!!!!!

THE BALL OF BALLYMOOR

CHOURS: HOW DO YA LAST NIGHT, HOW DO YOU NO-O
THE LAD THAT HAD YA LAST NIGHT
HE'S GONNA HAVE YE NO-O

THE BALL, THE BALL, THE BALL OF BALLYMOOR
YOUR WIFE AND MY WIFE WERE DO'N IT ON THE BALL ROOM FLOOR SING'N..

THEY WERE DO'N IT IN THE PARLOR, DO'N IT ON THE STONES
AND YOU COULDN'T HEAR THE MUSIC FOR THE WHEEZING AND THE GROANS,
SING'N...

THE DEACONS WIFE WAS STAND'N THERE, HER BACK AGAINST THE WALL
PUT YOUR MONEY ON THE TABLE BOYS I'M GO'N TO DO YA ALL
SING'N....

THE QUEEN WAS IN THE PARLOR, EATING BREAD AND HONEY
THE KING WAS IN THE CHAMBERMAID AND SHE WAS IN THE MONEY, SING'N..

THEY TRIED IT ON THE GARDEN PATH AND ONCE AROUND THE PARK,
AND WHEN THE CANDLES SMOOTED OUT, THEY DID IT IN THE DARK, SING'N...

THE LETTER CARRIER HE WAS THERE THE POOR MAN HAD THE POX,
HE COULD NOT DO THE LASSES SO HE DID THE LETTER BOX, SING'N...

THEY WERE DOIN IT IN THE RAFTERS, THEY WERE DOIN IT IN THE PICKS
AND YOU COULD NOT HEAR THE MUSIC FOR THE SWISHIN OF THE PRICKS,
SING'N....

THEY WERE DOIN IT IN THE PARLOR, THEY WERE DOIN IT ON THE STAIR
AND YOU COULD NOT SEE THE CARPET FOR THE WEALTH OF PUBIC HAIR,
SING'N....

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE, SHE WAS THERE, SHE HAD THE CROWD IN FITS,
BY JUMPING OFF THE MANTLEPIECE AND LANDING ON HER TITS SING'N...

THE VILLAGE IDIOT, HE WAS THERE PLAY'N THE PERFECT FOOL,
HE PULLED HIS FORESKIN OVER HIS HEAD AND WHISTLED THROUGH HIS
TOOL, SING'N ...

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, HE WAS THERE, WHAT DO YA THINK OF THAT?

THE VILLAGE CARPENTER HE WAS THERE, PLAY'N THE PERFECT FOOL,
HE SAT UNDER THE OLD OAK TREE AND WHITTLED OFF HIS TOOL SING'N...

THE VILLAGE CRIPPLE HE WAS THERE HE COULD NOT DO MUCH,
HE LAID'EM ON THE TABLE AND DID'EM WITH HIS CRUTCH, SING'N...

THE MAYOR'S WIFE, SHE WAS THERE, SITTIN DOWN IN FRONT,
A WREATH OF ROSES IN HER HAIR, A CAPROT IN HER CUNT, SING'N...

AT FIRST THEY DONE IT SIMPLE, THEN THEY TRIED IT HE'S AND SHE'S
AND WHEN THE BALL WAS ROLLING, THEY WENT AT IT FIVES AND THREES,
SING'N...

AND WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER, EVERYONE CONFESSED,
THE MUSIC WAS EXQUISITE, BUT THE DANCING WAS THE BEST.

HEY LI-DI-LI-DI

choirs; He: LI-DI-LI-DI-LI-DI
HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LOW
HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LI-DI
HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LOW

I KNOW A GIRL, SHE LIVES ON A HILL
HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA
SHE WON'T DO IT BUT HER SISTER WIL
HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA

I KNOW A GIRL ALL DRESSED IN PINK, HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA
SHE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A FINGER STINK, HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA

I KNOW A GUY NAMED BUFFALO BILL, HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA
DO YOU KNOW HIS BUFFALO WILL? HEY LI-DI-LI-DI-LA

CHQURS: AY, YI, YI, YI
IN CHINA THEY NEVER EAT CHILE (PUSSY)
SO SING ME ANOTHER VERSE
THAT'S WORSE THAN THE OTHER VERSE
AND WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN WILLY!

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN NAMED DAVE
WHO KEPT A DEAD WHORE IN HIS CAVE
SHE WAS BIG AND SMELLY AND HAD A POT-BEELY
BUT THINK OF THE MONEY HE SAVED

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM NANTUCKET
WHOSE DICK WAS SO LONG HE COULD SUCK IT
HE SAID WITH A CPIN AS HE WHIPPED OFF HIS CHIN
IF MY EAR WAS A CUNT I COULD FUCK IT

THERE WAS A TEAM OF TOM AND LOUISE
WHO DID AN ACT WHILE ON THERE KNEES
THEY CRAWLED DOWN THE AISLE WHILE SCREWING DOG-STYLE
AND THE ORCHESTRA PLAYED KILMER'S "TREES"

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM BOSTON
WHO BOUGHT HIMSELF A NEW AUSTIN
THERE WAS ROOM FOR HIS ASS AND A GALLON OF GAS
BUT THE PEST HUNG OUT AND HE LOST 'EM

THERE WAS A LADY FROM CAPE COD
WHO THOUGHT ALL CHILDREN CAME FROM GOD
IT WASNT THE ALMIGHTY WHO GOT IN HER NIGHTLY
IT WAS ROGER THE LODGER BY GOD

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN NAMED MCCRUDER
WHO DATED A GIRL FROM BERMUDA
SHE THOUGHT SHE'D BE SCHPEWD AND SWIM IN THE NUDE
BUT MCCRUDER WAS SCHREWDER AND SCREWED HER,

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM WEAVER
WHO HAD AN AFFAIR WITH A BEAVIER
THE RESULTS OF THE FUCK WAS TWO GEESE AND A DUCK
AND AN OFF-COLOR IRISH RETRIEVER

A LOVELY YOUNG MISS NAMED SUE
DREAMT SHE WAS EATING A GNU
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT SHE WOKE UP IN A FPICHT
TO FIND OUT IT WAS PERFECTLY TRUE

THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNG MAN NAMED MCNAIR
WHO WAS ONCE SCREWING HIS GIRL ON THE STAIR
THE BANNISTER BROKE ON THE 99TH STROKE
AND HE FINISHED HER OFF IN MID-AIR.

THERE WAS ONCE A YOUNG MAN FROM RANGINE
WHO INVENTED A MASTERBATING MACHINE
CONCAVE AND CONVEX IT WOULD FIT EITHER SEX
BUTOH, WHAT A BASTARD TO CLEAN.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM PERU
WHO FELL ASLEEP WHILE IN A CANOE
HE DREAMT THAT VENUS TICKLED HIS PENUS
AND WOKE UP WITH A CANOE FULL OF COO

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM DUNDEE
WHO FUCKED WITH AN APE IN A TREE
THE RESULTS WERE SO HOPRID, ALL ASS AND NO FOREHEAD
FOUR BALLS AND A PURPLE GOATEE

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM THE AZORES
WHOSE BODY WAS ALL COVERED WITH SORES
THE DOGS IN THE STREET WOULD'NT EAT THE GREEN MEAT
THAT HUNG IN FESTOONS FROM HER DRAWERS

THERE ONCE WAS A MAJOR NAMED KUTHERPS
WHO SAID, "IF I HAD MY DEUTHERS"
I'D HUMP YOUR KID SISTERS 'TIL THEIR BACKS WERE ALL BLISTERS
THEN I'D STAFF ON YOUR MOTHERS

WE ONCE HAD A SKIPPER, "FRED FEARLESS"
WHOSE SEXUAL PROWESS WAS PEERLESS
'TIL HIS DICK HE DID WRENCH AS HE FELL OFF THE BENCH
WHILE SQUEEING IN BACK OF A CEEFLISS

THERE ONCE WAS A LADY FROM IMPEDES
WHO LOVED TO ENGAGE IN COTTUS
SHE FUCKED A HALFBACK AND THEN A FULLBACK
UNTIL SHE GOT ATHELETE'S FETUS

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM DALLAS
WHO USED DYNAMITE FOR A PHALLUS
THEY FOUND HER VAGINA IN NORTH CAROLINA
AND HER ASS IN BUCKINGHAM ~~WALL~~ PALACE

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM WHEELING
WHO HAD A PECULIAR FEELING
SHE LAY ON HER BACK AND TICKLED HER CRACK
AND PISSED ALL OVER THE CEILING

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM TRENT
WHOSE DICK WAS SO LONG IT WAS BENT
TO SAVE HIMSELF TROUBLE, HE STUCK IT IN DOUBLE
SO INSTEAD OF COMING, HE WENT.

THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

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THREE JOLLY COACHMEN SAT, IN AN ENGLISH TAVERN, THREE JOLLY COACHMEN SAT, IN AN ENGLISH TAVERN, AND THEY DECIDED THEN, AND THEY DECIDED THEN, TO HAVE ANOTHER: FLAGON-GO.

CHOIRS

LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL, TILL THE CUP RUNS OVER, LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL, FULL OF THE BROWN OCTOBER. FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, TOMORROW WE'LL BE SOBER

BUT HE WHO DRINKS JUST WHAT HE LIKES, AND SETTETH HALF SEAS OVER, BUT HE WHO DRINKS JUST WHAT HE LIKES, AND GETTETH HALF SEAS OVER, LIVES UNTIL HE DIES PERHAPS, LIVES UNTIL HE DIES PERHAPS, LIVES UNTIL HE DIES PERHAPS, THEY BED HIM DOWN IN CLOVER.

BOTH HE WHO DRINKS STOUT ALE, AND GOES TO BED QUITE MELLOW, BUT HE WHO DRINKS STOUT ALE, AND GOES TO BED QUITE MELLOW, LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE, LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE, LIVES AS HE OUGHT TO LIVE, AND DIES A HEARTY FELLOW.

A GIRL WHOSE KISSED JUST ONCE, AND RUNS TO TELL HER MOTHER, A GIRL WHO'S KISSED JUST ONCE, AND RUNS TO TELL HER MOTHER, DOES A VERY FOOLISH THING, DOES A VERY FOOLISH THING, DOES A VERY POLISH THING, SHE'LL NEVER BE A MOTHER.

SO LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL, TILL THE CUP RUNNETH OVER, LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL, FULL OF BROWN OCTOBER, FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, FOR TONIGHT WE'LL MERRY MERRY BE, TOMORROW WE'LL BE SOBER.

A GIRL WHO KISSED JUST ONCE, AND WAITS TO GET ANOTHER, A GIRL WHO GETS KISSED ONCE AND WAITS TO GET ANOTHER, IS A BOON TO ALL MANKIND IS A BOON TO ALL MANKIND, IS A BOON TO ALL MANKIND, SHE'S SURE TO BE A MOTHER.

EVENING IN OCTOBER

'T WAS AN EVENING IN OCTOBER AND I WAS FAR FROM SOBER
I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET WITH MANLY PRIDE
WHEN MY FEET BEGAN TO FLUTTER I FELL DOWN IN THE GUTTER
AND A PIG CAME UP AND LAY DOWN BY MY SIDE

AND HE WARBLER: "IT'S FAIR WEATHER WHEN GOOD FRIENDS GET TOGETHER"
AN A LADY PASSING BY WAS HEARD TO SAY
"YOU CAN TELL A MAN WHO BOOZES BY THE COMPANY HE CHOOSES"
SO THE PIG GOT UP AND SLOWLY WALKED AWAY

I HAVE SLIPPED THE SURLY BONDS OF EARTH,
AND DANCED THE SKIES ON LAUGHTER-SILVERED WINGS.
SUNWARD I'VE CLIMBED AND JOINED THE TUMBLING MIRTH
OF SUN-SPLIT CLOUDS,
AND DONE A THOUSAND THINGS YOU'VE NEVER DREAMED OF,
WHEELED, SOARED, AND SWUNG HIGH IN THE SUNLIT SILENCE.

HOVERING THERE, I'VE FLUNG MY EAGER CRAFT THRU FOOTLESS
HALLS OF AIR.

UP, UP, THE LONG DELIRIOUS BURNING BLUE.
I'VE TOPPED THE WIND SWEEPED HEIGHTS WITH EASY GRACE
WHERE NEVER LARK NOR EAGLE FLEW.

AND WITH SILENT LIFTING MIND I'VE TROD THE UNTRESSPASSED
SANGUITY OF SPACE, PUT OUT MY HAND AND TOUCHED THE FACE OF GOD.

JOHN GILLESPIE MAGEE
FIGHTER PILOT - BATTLE OF BRITAIN

STAND BY YOUR GLASSES

STAND BY YOUR GLASSES STRADY,
THIS WORLD IS FULL OF LIES.
HERE'S TO THE DEAD ALREADY,
AND HURRAH!! FOR THE NEXT MAN WHO DIES.

SUNG BY WWI BRITISH FIGHTER PILOTS
BLOODY APRIL, 1917, IN FRANCE

THE SINGING TELEGRAM

YOUR SON GOT KILLED TODAY,
HE BOUGHT THE FARM, HA HA.
HE FLEW HIS F4B RIGHT INTO SUBIC BAY
WHILE FLYING HIGH AND FAR,
ON HIS HORIZON BAR,
HE WENT DOWN TURNING, SPINNING, DESCENDING 'WAY TOO FAST
UPON RECOVERY, QUITE ACCIDENTALLY,
HE HAD A RENDEZVOUS WITH A FRIENDLY SPARROW THREE.
(PAUSE) FLY NAVY

TAKE IT OUT AT THE BALL GAME (to the tune of "TAKE ME OUT TO
THE BALL GAME")

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TAKE IT OUT AT THE BALL GAME
WAVE IT AROUND AT THE CROWD
FEED IT IN SOME PEANUTS AND CRACKER JACK
I DON'T CARE IF YOU GIVE IT A WHACK
FOR IT'S BEAT YOUR MEAT AT THE BALL GAME
IF YOU DON'T COME IT'S A SHAME
FOR IT'S ONE TWO THREE STROKES YOU'RE OUT
AT THE OLD BALL GAME.!!

SHE WORE HER NIGHTIE (TO THE TUNE OF "SHE WORE A TULIP")

SHE WORE HER NIGHTIE, HER LILLY WHITE NIGHTIE
AND I WORE MY B.V.D.'S
FIRST I CARESSED HER AND THEN I UNDRESSED HER
WHAT A SIGHT SHE SHOWED TO ME
I PLAYED WITH THOSE TITTIES, THOSE LILLY WHITE TITTIES

AND DOWN WHERE THE SHORT HAIR GROWS
AS OUR KISSES GREW SWEETER, I WHIPPED OUT MY PETER
AND WHITE-WASHED HER BIG RED ROSE !!!

BORN IN A WHORE HOUSE (TO THE TUNE OF "BEAUTIFUL DREAMER")

BORN IN A WHORE HOUSE RAISED AS A SLAVE
FUCKING AND FIGHTING IS ALL THAT I CRAVE
BURSTING OUT WINDOWS BREAKING DOWN DOORS
CALLING YOUNG MAIDENS DIRTY OLD WHORES

COME GATHER AROUND AND WE'LL HAVE A TODDY
THEN WE'LL GO OUT AND FUCK EVERYBODY
BORN IN A WHORE HOUSE RAISED AS A SLAVE
FUCKING AND FIGHTING IS ALL THAT WE CRAVE.

FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK-FUCK (TO THE TUNE OF "ON WISCONSIN")

FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK
FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK
FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK (EDC.)

THE FRAIR

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THERE WAS A FRIAR OFFGREAT RENOWN
THERE WAS A FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN
THERE WAS A FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN

AND HE: FUCKED A GIRL FROM OUT OF TOWN
HE FUCKED A GIRL FROM OUT OF TOWN

CHOURS: HA HA HA
HO HO HO
HORSE SHIT:
THAT NO GOOD SON OF A BITCH !!
THAT ROTTEN OLD COCKSUCKER !!
FUCK HIM !!

SHE SAID, "KIND SIR PLEASE CEASE AND QUIT"
SHE SAID, "KIND SIR PLEASE CEASE AND QUIT"
SHE SAID, "KIND SIR PLEASE CEASE AND QUIT"

AND HE: BIT HER ON THE ROSEY TIT
HE BIT HER ON THE ROSEY TIT

CHOURS: HE LAID HER ON THE DEWY GRASS
HE LAID HER ON THE DEWY GRASS
HE LAID HER ON THE DEWY GRASS

AND HE: RAMMED HIS PENUS UP HER ASS
HE RAMMED HIS PENUS UP HER ASS
A CHILD WAS BORN UNTO THE EARTH...
AND HE: MADE HER EAT THE AFTERBIRTH.

CHOURS: THEY BURIED HER ON CHESTNUT STREET
THEY BURIED HER ON CHESTNUT STREET
THEY BURIED HER ON CHESTNUT STREET

AND HE: SAT ON HER GRAVE AND BEAT HIS MEAT
HE SAT ON HER GRAVE AND BEAT HIS MEAT

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHART

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHART
I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU
LET ME STROKE YOUR VOLVA
'TIL IT FILLS WITH GOO
LET ME BITE YOUR BOOBIES
'TIL THERE BLACK AND BLUE
LET'S PLAY HIDE THE WEEBIE
UP YOUR OLD WAZZOO !!!!!!!

WAS IT YOU WHO DID THE PUSH'N

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WAS IT YOU WHO DID THE PUSH'N
PUT THE STAINS ON THE CUSH'N
FOOT PRINTS ON THE DASHBOARD UPSIDE DOWN?

WAS IT YOU WHOSE SLY WOOD PECKER
GOT INTO MY GIRL REBECCA?
IF IT WAS, YOU'D BETTER LEAVE THIS TOWN

REPLY

YES, IT WAS I WHO DID THE PUSH'N
PUT THE STAINS ON THE CUSH'N
PUT THE FOOT PRINTS ON THE DASHBOARD UPSIDE DOWN

EVER SINCE I LAID YOUR DAUGHTER
I'VE HAD TROUBLE PASS'N WATER
GUESS WE'LL CALL IT EVEN ALL AROUND!

BYE BYE CHERRY

OH, BACK HER ASS AGAINST THE WALL HERE I COME BALLS AND ALL,
BYE BYE CHERRY,
OH, SHE CAME ONCE AND I CAME TWICE, HOLY JUMPING JESUS CHRIST.
CHERRY BYE BYE.

MY RED HAVEN (BLUE HEAVEN)

WHEN EVENING DRAWS NIGH, AND PASSION RUNS HIGH
I HURRY TO MY RED HAVEN.
A LITTLE RED LIGHT, A TURN TO THE RIGHT
WILL LEED YOU TO MY RED HAVEN,
YOU'LL SEE A SMILING FACE ON A PILLOW CASE
A SMILE DEVINE
TOMMORROW NIGHT SHE'S SOME OTHER GUY'S
BUT TONIGHT SHE'S MINE
JUST MOLLY AND ME, THERE'LL NEVER BE THREE.
WE'RE CAREFUL IN MY RED HAVEN.

HERE'S TO BE IN MY SOBER MOODS
WHEN I RAISE, SING AND DRINK,
HERE'S TO BE IN MY DRUNKEN MOODS
WHEN I GAZE, SING AND DRINK,
AND WHEN THE FLYING DAYS ARE OVER
AND MY LIFE ON EARTH IS FAST,
I HOPE THEY BURY ME UPSIDE DOWN
SO THE WORLD CAN KISS MY ASS !!!

UNCLE JOHN (TO THE TUNE OF "HAIL THE AIRMAN SONG")

UNCLE JOHN AND AUNTIE MARY, TAKING AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE
THINGS SHOULD PROVE SUFFICIENT WARNING, NEVER DO IT IN THE MONTAGNE-
QUARTIER HAS SET THEM RIGHT, NOW THEY DO IT EVERY NIGHT
UNCLE JOHN IS HOPEFUL SOON TO RIP ONE OFF IN THE AFTERNOON.

DANANG (TO THE TUNE OF THE "HAPPY LANDS")

I LOVE TO GO A-WANDERING AROUND DANANG AIR BASE
AND AS I GO I LOVE TO SING, I HAVE THIS WONDERFUL PLACE IN

CHECK THE RAILS (TO THE TUNE OF "HAIL THE AIRMAN")

CHECK THE RAILS ON THAT BIG ROLLER
PALILALALA LALALALA
ITCHIE! THEN AND HE'LL BE JOIN
PALILALALA LALALALA

NOTHING COULD BE FINER (TO THE TUNE OF "CIRCULAR")

NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN TO BE IN A MACHINE
IN THE MONTAGNE ---
NOTHING COULD BE SWEETER THAN YOUR LOVE AROUND ME BEING
IN THE MONTAGNE ---
IF I HAD A WIFE AND HE COULD HOLD ME,
I'D SPEND THE NIGHT RIGHT BY MY SIDE
OH, NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN TO BE IN YOUR MACHINE
IN THE MONTAGNE ---

MY FATHER IS A FIREMAN

MY FATHER IS A FIREMAN, HE PAYS ONE PRICE
MY BROTHER IS A FIREMAN, HE PAYS ONE PRICE
MY SISTER IS A FIREMAN'S GAL, SHE PAYS ONE PRICE !!!

CHOURS: OH, POLL YOUR LEG OVER
 OH, POLL YOUR LEG OVER
 OH, POLL YOUR LEG OVER THE MAN ON THE MOON

IF THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS LITTLE WHITE RABBITTS
 I'D BE A HARE AND TEACH THEM BAD HABITS.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS UP FOR IMPROVEMENT
 I'D GIVE THEM SOME HELP WITH A BALL-BEARING MOVEMENT.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS LITTLE WHITE KITTENS
 AND I WAS A TOM CAT, I'D GIVE THEM NEW FITTING'S.

IF ALL THE YOUNG LADIES WAS B-OO'S
 AND I WAS A FIGHTER, I'D BUZZ THEIR BEHINDS.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS DIAMONDS AND PUBIES
 AND I WERE A JEWELER, I'D SHINE UP THEIR BOOBIES.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS WHEELS ON A CAR,
 THEN I'D BE THE PISTON AND GO TWICE AS FAR...

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS RUSHES A-GROWING,
 I'D TAKE OUT MY SCYTHE AND AND GET OUT A-MOVING.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS BELLS IN A TOWER,
 THEN I'D BE THE MASON AND I'D BANG EVERY HOUR.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS TRICKS IN A PILE,
 THEN I'D BE THE MASON AND I'D LAY THEM IN STYLE.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS FISH IN THE OCEAN,
 AND I WERE A WHALE, I'D SHOW THEM THE MOTION.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS FISH IN A POOL,
 I'D BE A SHARK WITH A WATER-PROOF TOOL.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS WHEAT IN A FIELD,
 AND I WERE A REAPER, I'D MAKE THEM ALL YIELD.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WAS TREES IN A FOREST,
 AND I WERE A WOODSMAN, I'D SPLIT THEIR CLITORIS.

IF ALL THEM YOUNG LADIES WERE SINGING THIS SONG,
 IT WOULD BE TWICE AS FILTHY AND FOUR TIMES AS LONG.

THE FIRST OF MAY

HURRAY, HURRAY THE FIRST OF MAY!
 OUTDOOR INTERCOURSE STARTS TODAY!!!

I WANTED WINGS TIL I GOT THE GODDAMN THINGS
 NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE
 THEY TAUGHT ME TO FLY, AND THEY SENT ME THERE TO DIE
 I'VE HAD MY BELLY FULL OF WAR
 YOU CAN LEAVE ALL THOSE RAIL CUTS, FOR GUYS WHO LOST THERE NUTS
 DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSSES DO NOT COMPENSATE FOR LOSSES
 I WANTED THINGS TIL I GOT THE GODDAMN THINGS
 NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE

I'LL TAKE THE DAMES WHILE THE REST GO DOWN IN FLAMES
 I'VE NO DESIRE TO BE BURNED
 WHY IS COMBAT CALLED ROMANCE IT ONLY MADE ME SHIT IN MY PANTS
 I'M NOT A FIGHTER I HAVE LEARNED
 TO HELL WITH ALL THAT COMIE FLAK, I PLAN ON GETTIN MY ASS BACK
 I WOULD RATHER LAY A DOLLIE THAN GET SHOT UP INMIG ALLEY
 I WANTED WINGS 'TIL I GOT THE GOD DAMN THINGS
 NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE

B E-BOP A JESUS
 HE'S MY SAVIOUR
 BE BOP A JESUS
 BETTER WATCH Y OUR BEHAVIOUR
 BE BOP A JESUS
 HE'S MY SAVIOUR, NOW

JESUS SAVES

CHRIST PUTS HIS MONEY IN THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
 CHRIST PUTS HIS MONEY IN THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
 CHRIST PUTS HIS MONEY IN THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
 JESUS SAVES, JESUS SAVES, JESUS SAVES

CHRIST WALKS ON WATER HE'S THE LIFE GUARD AT OUR POOL
 CHRIST WALKS ON WATER HE'S THE LIFE GUARD AT OUR POOL
 CHRIST WALKS ON WATER HE'S THE LIFE GUARD AT OUR POOL
 JESUS SAVES, JESUS SAVES, JESUS SAVES

DON'T CRY LADY

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DON'T CRY LADY ~~XXXXXXXX~~

I'LL BUY YOUR GOD DAMN PENCILS

DON'T CRY LADY

I'LL BUY GOD DAMN FLOWERS TOO

DON'T CRY LADY

TAKE OFF THOSE DA RK BROWN GLASSES

HELLO, MOTHER, I KNEW IT WAS YOU

THE BLUE STAR (TUNE: MY BONNIE)

TAKE THE BLUE STAR OUT OF THE WINDOW

REPLACE IT WITH ONE MADE OF GOLD

YOUR SON WAS A GOOD B.A.R. MAN

HE DIED IN A WHORE HOUSE IN SOUL, TOUGH SHIT

CHORUS

THOUGH SHIT, TOUGH SHIT

HE DIED IN A WHORE HOUSE IN SOUL, TOUGH SHIT

THOUGH SHIT, TOUGH SHIT

HE DIED IN A WHORE HOUSE IN SOUL, TOUGH SHIT

TAKE THE BLUE STAR OUT OF THE WINDOW

REPLACE IT WITH ONE MADE OF GOLD

YOUR SON JUST GOT HIT BY A MORTAR

IT BLEW OFF HIS WHOLE FUCKING HEAD, TOUGH SHIT

CHORUS

TAKE THE BLUE STAR OUT OF THE WINDOW

REPLACE IT WITH ONE MADE OF BRASS

YOUR SON WAS AN ELB DRIVER

WHO YESTERDAY BUSTED HIS ASS, TOUGH SHIT

CHORUS

TAKE THE BLUE STAR OUT OF THE WINDOW

YOUR SON HASN'T GOT ANY NERVE

HE SAYS HE'S DEFENDING HIS COUNTRY

BUT HE'S JUST A GOD DAMN RESERVE, TOUGH SHIT

THE TWELVE DAYS OF TET

ON THE FIRST DAY OF TET

MY MARINE GAVE TO ME

A HAND JOB IN A GV

SECOND DAY...TWO BRASS BARS

THIRD DAY...THREE UGLY BAMS

FOURTH DAY...FOUR BLOWN TIRES

FIFTH DAY...FIVE DAYS IN H ACK

SIXTH DAY...SIX DAYS OF DUTY

SEVENTH DAY...SEVEN O'DARK THIRTY

EIGHTH DAY...EIGHT SMELLY SKIVVIES

NINTH DAY...NINE COCKS A CANNING

TENTH DAY...TEN TPO'S

~~XXXXXXXX~~

ELEVENTH DAY...ELEVEN ACK'S

TWELTH DAY...TWELVE DRUPPE DECKS

HANG IT IN YOUR EAR MRS. MURPHY

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HANG IT IN YOUR EAR MRS. MURPHY
FOR IT ONLY WEIGHS QUARTER OF A POUND
ITS GOT HAIR AROUND ITS NECK LIKE A TURKEY
AND IT SPITS WHEN YOU RUB IT UP AND DOWN

THE OCEANS AREN'T SAFE ANY MORE (FLYING TRAPEZE)

OFF THEY FLY WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE
THOSE DARING YOUNG MEN IN THEIR AL--ES
THEY SCATTER THEIR BOMB LOADS ALL OVER THE SEAS
AND THE OCEANS AREN'T SAFE ANYMORE.

MARY JANE

HERE LIES THE BODY OF MARY JANE
A GIRL WHO KNOWS NO TERRORS
A VIRGIN BORN, A VIRGIN DIED
NO PUNS, NO HITS, NO ERRORS.

MARY JANE BARNES

MARY JANE BARNES, QUEEN OF ALL THE ACROBATS
SHE COULD DO THE TRICKS THAT WOULD GIVE THE BOYS THE SHITS.
SHE COULD SHOOT GREEN PEAS OUT HER FUNDAMENTAL ORIFICE
DO A SOUBLE SOMERSAULT AND CATCH 'EM ON HER TITS
SHE'S A GREAT BIG SONOFABITCH, TWICE AS BIG AS ME;
WITH HAIR ON HER ASS LIKE BRANCHES ON A TREE
SHE CAN FISH, FART FIGHT, FUCK, FLY A PLANE AND DRIVE A TRUCK,
SHE'S THE KIND OF GIRL THATS GONNA MARRY ME.

WATER MARY (MY BONNIE LIES OVER)

I LOVE TO SEE MARY MAKE WATER
SHE PISSES A BEAUTIFUL STREAM
SHE CAN PISS FOR A MILE AND A QUARTER
YOU CAN'T SEE HER ASS FOR THE STREAM.

I CAN'T FORGET DANANG

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I CAN'T FORGET DANANG
I CAN'T FORGET CHU LAI
FOR HO CHI MINH SHOT FLACK AT ME
AND SO DID CH O EN LAI
I'VE FLOWN NORTH ACROSS THE D.M.Z.
I'VE DROPPED A BOMB OR TWO
BUT ALL I GET IS A BUNCH OF SHIT
FROM YOU AND YOU AND YOU

CHORUS: OH I WAS BORN TO RISK MY ASS
AND SAVE VIET NAM TOO
BUT ALL I GET IS A BUNCH OF SHIT
FROM YOU AND YOU AND YOU

SILVER BOMBS (TUNE OF SILVER BELLS)

CHORUS: SILVER BOMBS, SILVER BOMBS, ITS CHRISTMAS TIME OVER HANOI
TING A LING, HERE THEM RING, SOON IT WILL BE NAVY'S BIG DAY

BOMBS ARE DROPPING, TRAFFICS STOPPING, LOOK AT ALL THAT NAPALM
AND ON EVERY STREET CORNER YOU'LL HERE.....

CHORUS: MOTHERS DYING, CHILDREN CRYING, HO CHI'S TEARING HIS HAIR
AS THE BOMBS FLY IN THE AIR

BOMBS ARE DROPPING, STEEL MILLS FLOPPING, INDUSTRY HAS DECREASED
ALL THE V.C. WILL HAVE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

CHORUS

FIGHTER PILOT'S LAMENT (TUNE OF THUNDERROAD)

LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY, AND I CAN TELL IT ALL
ABOUT A FIGHTER PILOT, WHO LOVED HIS ALCOHOL
DRINKING ALL ONE EVENING, HE DIDN'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT
EARLY NEXT MORNING HE TOOK HIS FATAL FLIGHT

CRAWLED OUT THROUGH THE PREFLIGHT, HE FELT A LITTLE SICK
YELLED TO THE PLANE CAPTAIN, PLUG HER IN QUICK

JUMPED INTO HIS COCKPIT, HE DIDN'T WEAR HIS MASK
REACHED INTO HIS FLIGHT SUIT AND PULLED OUT A FLASK

CHORUS: THUNDER, THUNDER OVER CHU LAI BAY, LIGHTENING WAS HIS
ENGINE BUT HE WAS BOUND TO DIE THIS DAY
WHISKEY, WHISKEY TO SLAKE A DEMONS THIRST
THE C.O. SWORE TO GET HIM BUT THE DEVIL GOT HIM FIRST.

FIGHTER PILOT'S LAMENT (CONT)

09.27

RAN UP HIS ENGINES, EVERYTHING LOOKED FINE
ADDED SOME POWER TO TAXI OUT THE LINE

STARTED DOWN THE RUNWAY , HE WAS DOING WELL
BUT HE OVER ROTATED AND THATS ALL THERE IS TO TELL.

NO MORE CHU LAI

CHORUS: OH, I DONT WANT NO MORE OF THE CHU LAI SCENE
GEE BUT I WANT TO GO, RIGHT BACK TO QUANTICO
GEE BUT I WANT TO GO HOME

OUR BOMBS ARE FUSED ELECTRICALLY
THEY SAY THEY'RE MIGHTY SWELL
A PAL OF MINE PICKLED ONE
AND IT BLEW HIM STAIGHT TO HELL

THE MAJORS HERE AT CHULAI
THEY SAY THEY ARE MIGHTY FINE
THEY ACT LIKE LIBERACE
THEY LOOK LIKE FRANKENSTEIN

THE R.I.O.S WERE AT CHU LAI
THEY SAY THEY ARE MIGHTY FINE
HOW IN THE HELL DO THEY KNOW
THEY'VE NEVER FLOWN WITH MINE

THE PILOTS HERE AT CHU LAI ARE A VERY SPECIAL KIND
HALF OF THEM NEARLY DEAD
~~THE OTHERS~~ OTHERS ALMOST BLIND

THE E DOCTORS THAT THEY GAVE US WERE NEARLY SURELY
THE FIRST FLEW THE COCKAY BIRD THE CHU LAI WAS GONE ALL THE TIME

THE ARMY CAME TO CHU LAI EXPECTING QUITE A BALL
THEY ALL SLEPT TOGETHER
ONE MOREAR GOT TEN ALL

THE STARTING PONG AT CHU LAI ARE MAINTAINED BY THE GROUP
WHEN IT COMES TO TURNING ENGINES
THEY NEVER HAVE THE POOP

THE NIOS IN OUR SQUADRON ARE A HOSTILE PUNCH
CRITICIZE ANY ONE OF THEM
YOU'LL GET A SUNDAY PUNCH

MY BROTHER BILL'S GOT A STILL ON THE HILL
WHERE HE RUMS OFF A GALLON OR TWO
AND THE BIRDS IN THE SKY GET SO DRUNK THEY CAN'T FLY
JUST FROM BREATHING GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

CHOUES*

OH, THEY CALL IT THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW, AND THOSE THAT REFUSE
IT ARE FEW.
I'LL SHUT UP MY MUG IF YOU'LL FILL UP MY JUG
WITH THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

MY UNCLE MORT, HE'S SARED-OFF AND SHORT, HE MEASURES ABOUT
FOUR FEET TWO,
BUT YOU'D THINK HE WAS A GAINF, IF YOU GAVE HIM A PINT
OF THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

DOWN THE ROAD FROM ME THERE'S AN OLD HOLLOW TREE, WHERE
YOU LAY DOWN A DOLLAR OR TWO,
THEN YOU GO ROUND THE BEND, WHEN YOU COME BACK AGAIN
THERE'S A JUG OF THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

MR. ROOSEVELT TOLD ME JUST HOW HE FELT WHEN HE HEARD THAT THE
DRY LAW WAS THROUGH.
"IF YOUR WISKEY'S TOO RED, IT'LL SWELL UP YOUR HEAD
SO GET A JUG OF THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW."

THE FERRACHER RODE BY WITH HIS HIGH HAT AND TIE, AND HE SAID THAT
HIS WIFE HAD THE FLU,
SO HE BOUGHT HER A PINT AND SHE'LL SOON BE ALRIGHT
JUST FROM DRINKING THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW,

MY SISTER JUNE BROUGHT SOME PARIS PERFUMES, AND IT HAD SUCH A SWEET
SMELLING MIGN.
BUT MUCH TO HER SURPRISE, WHEN IT WAS ANALYZED
IT WAS ONLY THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

THE FLY IS A DOG SO THEY SAY, ITS NO ROCKETSHIP, THAT'S TRUE
BUT SHE'LL GO TWICE AS FAST IF YOU STOP USING GAS
AND START BURNING THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

THE LITTLE QUOTES THAT MAKE THE DAY WORTHWHILE !!!!!

* SILVER EAGLES *

CODE:S

101 YOU'VE GOT TO BE SHITTING ME
102 GET OFF MY FUCKIN BACK
103 BEATS THE SHIT OUT OF ME
104 WHAT THE FUCK, OVER
105 IT'S SO FUCKING BAD, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
106 I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE
107 THIS PLACE SUCKS
108 FUCK YOU VERY MUCH
109 LOVELY, SIMPLY FUCKING LOVELY
110 THAT GODDAMNED "O" CLUB
111 BEAUTIFUL, JUST FUCKING BEAUTIFUL
112 FUCK!!! SHIT!!! PISS!!!
113 SKIPPER'S GOT THE 6 X
114 I JUST GOT FUCKED
115 BIG FUCKING DEAK
116 HANG IT IN YOUR FUCKING EAR
117 GET BENT
118 GIVE A SHIT, GIVE A SHIT
119 YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF FUCKING BALLS
120 MERRY FUCKING CHRISTMAS
121 FUCK IT, JUST FUCK IT
122 SHIT HOT !!
123 BITCHEN!!
124 TELL SOME ONE WHO GIVES A SHIT
125 DON'T GET FUCKING WISE
126 G. A. F.
127 NO, NO, FUCKING NO

128 DEAD BUG
129 A WEEK TO TEN DAYS
130 CAN I GET A HOO-RAY
131 WHAT GARDEN?
132 '32 CRASHED ANOTHER ONE
133 THE FUCKIN CRUMPS IN
LOVE AGAIN
134 I'VE GOT LESS HOURS THAN
YOU HAVE DAY'S
135 FUCKIN NEW GUY
136 NO 17 GOT THE CLAP
137 MICK LIKES #3 BETTER THAN #4
138 WE'RE LEAVING NEXT FUCKING
MONTH
139 BUSH HOOS CAN'T SEE
140 WHAT MAKES WILLARD ROUND
141 JUST ANOTHER FUCKING REASON
WHY.
142 HOW MANY TIMES THIS GODDAMN
WAR GOING TO END

LAST PAGE

ANY COMPLAINTS KEEP THEM TO

YOUR FUCKING SELF.!!!!!!!

ANY ADDITIONS SUBMIT TO MAINT ADMIN.

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE TAX DEDUCTABLE !!!!!!!!

YOUR'S TRULY MAINT/ADMIN.